

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And so do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.

Somer. I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

Exit Somerset.

King. Come Vnkle Gloster, now let's haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madam your Hawke they say is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,
and Margery Iourdain a Witch.*

Elnor. Heere sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the spirit what it sayes to you:
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin, and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullenbrooke about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

Shee lyes downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sossem Lake*,
The spirit *Ascalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,

Ascalon

Yorke and Lancaster.

Ascalon, Assenda, assenda.

*It Thunders and Lightens, and then the Spirit
riseth vp.*

Spirit. Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me doe?

Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose,
But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awaites the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandy
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand:
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
Riding amidst the sindg'd and parched smoakes,
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer *Stix*:
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise *Iourdain* rise, and stay thy charming Spels.
Zounds, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Bucking-
ham, and others.*

Yorke. Come sirs, lay hands on them, and binde them sure.
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exit Elnor alone.

Buck. See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile shew it to the King:
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exit with them.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

C

Buck.